

No. 99.

The Life-Boat.

"We watched the wreck with great anxiety. The life-boat had been out some hours, but could not reach the vessel through the great breakers that raged and foamed on the sand-bank. The boat appeared to be leaving the crew to perish. But in a few minutes the captain and sixteen sailors were taken off, and the vessel went down.

"When the life-boat came to you, did you expect it had brought some tools to repair your old ship?" I said.

"Oh, no; she was a total wreck. Two of her masts were gone; and if we stayed mending her, only a few minutes, we must have gone down, sir."

"When once off the old wreck and safe in the life-boat, what remained for you to do?"

"Nothing, sir, but just to pull for the shore."

"Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."—2 COR. v. 17.

"Wherefore, my beloved, work out your own salvation with fear and trembling."—PHIL. ii. 12.

1. Light in the darkness, sail-or, day is at hand! See o'er the foaming billows fair Haven's land.

Drear was the voyage, sail-or, now al-most o'er; Safe within the life-boat, sailor, pull for the shore.

CHORUS.

Pull for the shore, sail - or, pull for the shore! Heed not the roll - ing waves, but

The Life-Boat—continued.

bend to the oar; Safe in the life - boat, sail - or, cling to self no more!

Leave the poor old strand - ed wreck and pull for the shore.

2. Trust in the life-boat, sailor; all else will fail.
Stronger the surges dash and fiercer the gale,
Heed not the stormy winds, though loudly they
roar;
Watch the "bright and morning star," and pull
for the shore. Pull for the shore, &c.
3. Bright gleams the morning, sailor, uplift the eye:
Clouds and darkness disappearing, glory is nigh!
Safe in the life-boat, sailor, sing evermore,
"Glory, glory, hallelujah!" Pull for the shore.
Pull for the shore, &c.

No. 100.

Behold, the Bridegroom Cometh!

"And five of them were wise."—MATT. xxv. 2.

1. Our lamps are trimmed and burning, Our robes are white and clean, We've
2. Go forth, go forth to meet Him, The way is o - pen now, All
3. We see the mar-riage splendour With - in the o - pen door; We

tar - ried for the Bridegroom, Oh, may we en - ter in? We
light - ed with the glo - ry That's stream - ing from His brow. Ac -
know that those who en - ter Are blest for e - ver - more. We

Behold, the Bridegroom Cometh!—continued.

know we've no - thing wor - thy That we can call our own: The
- cept the in - vi - ta - tion, Be - yond de - serv - ing kind; Make
see He is more love - ly Than all the sons of men, But

light, the oil, the robes we wear, All come from Him a - lone.
no de - lay, but take your lamps, And joy e - ter - nal find.
still we know the door, once shut, Will ne - ver ope a - gain.

CHORUS.

Be - hold, the Bridegroom com - eth! And all may en - ter in, Whose

lamps are trimmed and burn - ing, Whose robes are white and clean.

No. 101

Ho! Reapers of Life's Harvest.

"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few."—MATT. ix. 37.

Spirited.

1. Ho! reap - ers of life's har - vest, Why stand with rusted blade, Until the night draws
2. Thrust in your sh a - pened sic - kle, And gath - er in the grain, The night is fast ap -

round thee, And day be - gins to fade? Why stand ye i - dle, wait - ing For
- proaching, And soon will come a - gain. The Mas - ter calls for reap - ers, And

reap - ers more to come? The gold - en morn is pass - ing, Why sit ye i - dle, dumb?
shall He call in vain? Shall sheaves lie there ungathered, And waste upon the plain?

3. Come down from hill and mountain
In morning's ruddy glow,
Nor wait until the dial
Points to the noon below;
And come with the strong sinew,
Nor faint in heat or cold,
And pause not till the evening
Draws round its wealth of gold.

4. Mount up the heights of Wisdom,
And crush each error low;
Keep back no words of knowledge
That human hearts should know.
Be faithful to thy mission,
In service of thy Lord;
And then a golden chaplet,
Shall be thy just reward.

No. 102. Go Thou in Life's Morning.

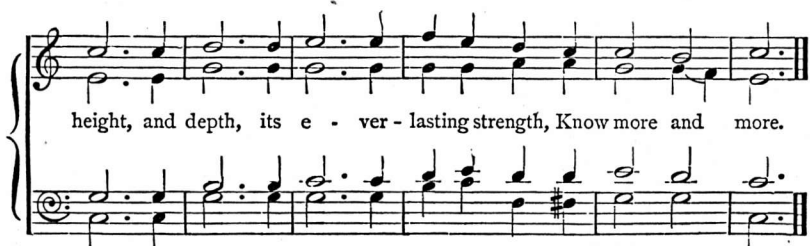
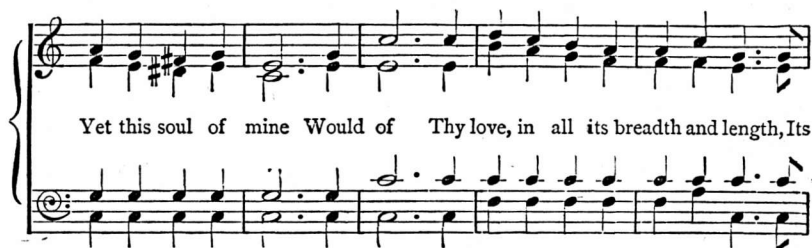
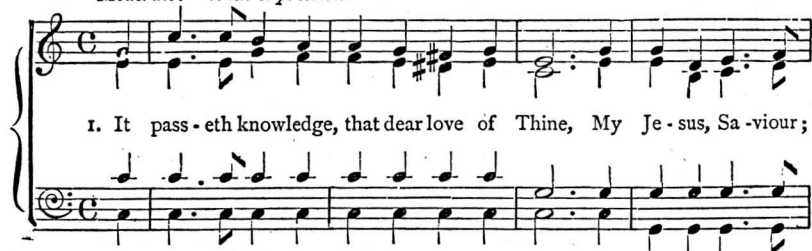
1. Go thou in life's fair morning,
Go in the bloom of youth;
And buy, for thy adorning,
The precious pearl of truth;
Secure this heavenly treasure,
And bind it on thine heart,
And let not earthly pleasure
E'er cause it to depart.
2. Go, while the day star shineth,
Go, while thy heart is light;
Go, ere thy strength declineth,
While every sense is bright.

3. Sell all thou hast, and buy it;
'Tis worth all earthly things,
Rubies, and gold, and diamonds,
Sceptres and crowns of kings.
3. Go, ere the clouds of sorrow
Steal o'er the bloom of youth;
Defer not till to-morrow,
Go now, and buy the truth.
Go seek thy great Creator,
Learn early to be wise;
Go, place upon His altar
A morning sacrifice.

No. 103. "It Passeth Knowledge."

"The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."—Eph. iii. 19.

Moderato. With expression.



It passeth telling, that dear love of Thine,
My Jesus, Saviour; yet these lips of mine
Would fain proclaim to sinners, far and near,
A love which can remove all guilty fear,
And love beget.

It passeth praises, that dear love of Thine,
My Jesus, Saviour; yet this heart of mine
Would sing that love, so full, so rich, so free,
Which brings a rebel sinner, such as me,
Nigh unto God.

But though I cannot sing, or tell, or know
The fulness of Thy love, while here below,
My empty vessel I may freely bring;
O Thou who art of love the living spring,
My vessel fill.

I am an empty vessel—not one thought,
Or look of love, I ever to Thee brought;
Yet I may come, and come again to Thee,
With this, the empty sinner's only plea,
Thou lovest me.

Oh, fill me, Jesus, Saviour, with Thy love!
Lead, lead me to the living fount above;
Thither may I, in simple faith, draw nigh,
And never to another fountain fly,
But unto Thee.

And when my Jesus face to face I see,
When at His lofty throne I bow the knee,
Then of His love, in all its breadth and length,
Its height and depth, its everlasting strength,
My soul shall sing.

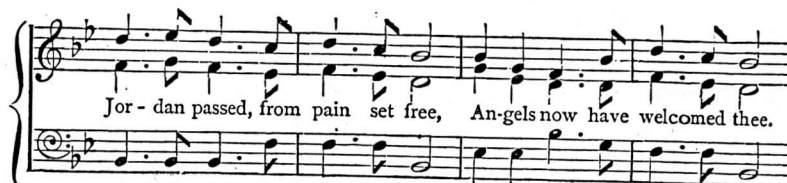
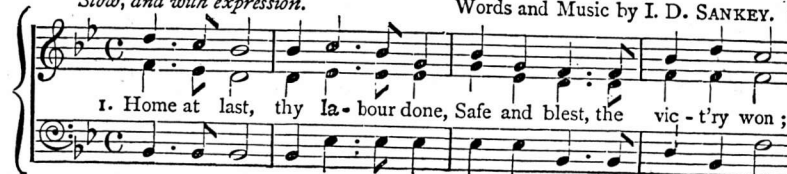
No. 104. For Me! For Me!

Written on the dying words of a young convert (Maggie Lindsay), who lost her life in the railroad catastrophe at Manuel.

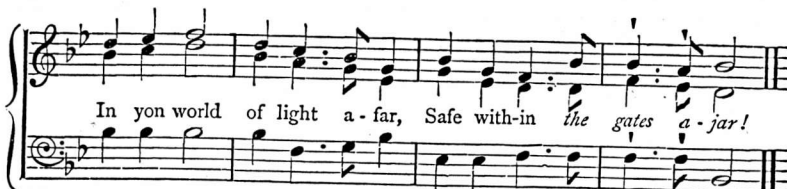
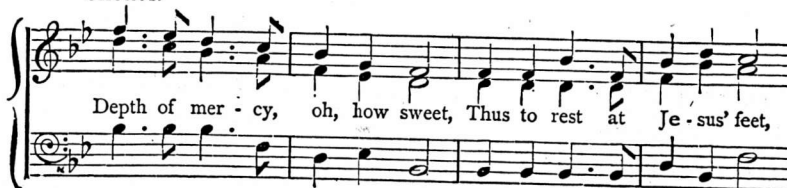
NOTE.—All was packed, and ready for her going home to Aberdeen, her school-days being over. At 6.35 on Tuesday morning the train for the North started, and she, with her eyes upon her hymn-book, the leaf turned down at her best-loved song, "The Gate Ajar For Me," tasted once more of the love of Jesus. The awful catastrophe took place, and the collision with the mineral train left her severely injured, and the page of her hymn-book stained with her blood. During the two days of suffering that followed in the house to which she was moved at Manuel, the scene of the railway accident, she often whispered and sang the words of the hymn which was to be her song till death. The minister who watched by her said the expression of her countenance could not be described as she again and again repeated the words, "Yes, for me, for me!"

Slow, and with expression.

Words and Music by I. D. SANKEY.



CHORUS.



2. When dark waves were beating hard
Thy frail bark on Jordan's flood,
Thou didst sing so glad and free,
"Yes, the gate's ajar for me!"

3. One short day of joy below,
Such as pardoned sinners know;
Then away on wings of love
To thy home prepared above.

4. When earth's songs have all been sung,
Labour ended, trials done,
"We'll meet again," oh happy word!
And be "for ever with the Lord."

No. 105. A Cry from Macedonia.

As sung by Mr. SANKEY.

"Come over into Macedonia, and help us."—ACTS xvi. 9.

In moderate time.

1. { There's a cry from Mace-do-nia: come and help us; The light of the gos-pet
O ye he-ralds of the cross, be up and do-ing, Re-mem-ber the great com-

bring, Oh come! Let us hear the joy-ful tidings of sal-va-tion, We thirst for the liv-ing
mand! a-way! Go ye forth & preach the word to ev'-ry crea-ture, Pro-claim it in ev'-ry

End. CHORUS.
spring, } They shall ga-ther from the east, They shall ga-ther from the west, With the
land.

pa-tri-archs of old, And the ran-som'd shall re-turn To the

A Cry from Macedonia—continued.

D.C. in full chorus.
king-doms of the blest, With their harps and crowns of gold.
D.C.

2.

Oh, how beautiful their feet upon the mountains,
The tidings of peace who bring, who bring,
To the nations of the earth who sit in darkness,
And tell them of Zion's King:
Then, ye heralds of the cross, be up and doing,
Go work in your Master's field, away!
Sound the trumpet! sound the trumpet of salvation!
The Lord is your strength and shield.
Let the distant isles be glad,
Let them hail the Saviour's birth,
And the news of pardon free,
Till the knowledge of the truth
Shall extend to all the earth,
As the waters o'er the sea.

3.

Ye've enlisted in the army of the faithful,
Like heroes the battle fight! away!
There are foes on every hand that will assail you,
Then gird on your armour bright;
With the banner of the cross unfurled before you,
The sword of the Spirit wield! away!
Ye shall conquer, through His mercy who hath loved you:
The Lord is your strength and shield.
Ye are marching to the land,
Where the saints in glory stand,
And the just for joy shall sing,
Ye by faith may bring it nigh:
Ye shall reach it by and by,
And your shouts of triumph ring.



No. 106. I Am Praying For You.

"Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray."—Psa. lv. 17.

1. I have a Saviour, He's pleading in glo - ry, A dear loving Saviour tho'

earth-friends be few, And now He is watch-ing in ten - derness o'er me, And

f CHORUS.

oh that my Saviour were your Saviour too! For you I am pray-ing, For

p you I am pray-ing, For you *f* I am pray-ing, *pp* I'm pray-ing for you. *rall.*

2.
I have a Father: to me He has given
A hope for eternity, blessed and true;
And soon will He call me to meet Him in
heaven,
But oh, may He lead you to go with me
too!

3.
I have a robe: 'tis resplendent in whiteness,
Awaiting in glory my wondering view;
Oh, when I receive it all shining in brightness,
Dear friend, could I see you receiving one
too!

4.
I have a peace: it is calm as a river—
A peace that the friends of this world never
knew;
My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver,
And oh, could I know it was given to you!

5.
When Jesus has found you, tell others the
story, [too;
That my loving Saviour is your Saviour
Then pray that your Saviour may bring them
to glory, [answered for you!
And prayer will be answered—'twas

No. 107. Not Now, My Child.

"O' that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away, and be at rest."—PSALM lv. 6.

Slow, and with expression.

1. Not now, my child!—a lit - tle more rough toss - ing, A
2. Not now; for I have wand'ers in the dis - tance, And

lit - tle lon - ger on the billows' foam; A few more journeyings
thou must call them in with patient love; Not now, for I have

in the de - sert darkness, And then the sunshine of thy Father's Home!
sheep upon the mountains, And thou must follow them where'er they rove.

3. Not now; for I have loved ones sad and weary;
Wilt thou not cheer them with a kindly smile?
Sick ones, who need thee in their lonely sorrow;
Wilt thou not tend them yet a little while?
4. Not now; for wounded hearts are sorely bleeding,
And thou must teach those widowed hearts to sing;
Not now; for orphans' tears are quickly falling,
They must be gathered 'neath some sheltering wing.
5. Go, with the name of Jesus, to the dying,
And speak that name in all its living power;
Why should thy fainting heart grow chill and weary?
Canst thou not watch with Me one little hour?
6. One little hour! and then the glorious crowning,
The golden harp-strings, and the victor's palm;
One little hour! and then the hallelujah!
Eternity's long, deep, thanksgiving psalm!

No. 108.

The Cross of Jesus.

"His children shall have a place of refuge." —Prov. xiv. 26.

Moderato.

1. Be - neath the Cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand— The
sha - dow of a mighty Rock, With - in a wea - ry land. . . A
home with - in the wil - derness, A rest up - on the way, From the
burn - ing of the noon - tide heat, And the bur - den of the day.

2. O safe and happy shelter,
O refuge tried and sweet,
O trysting-place where Heaven's love,
And Heaven's justice meet!
As to the holy Patriarch
That wondrous dream was given,
So seems my Saviour's Cross to me,
A ladder up to heaven.

3. There lies beneath its shadow,
But on the further side,
The darkness of an awful grave
That gapes both deep and wide;
And there between us stands the Cross,
Two arms outstretched to save,
Like a watchman set to guard the way
From that eternal grave.

4. Upon that Cross of Jesus,
Mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of One,
Who suffered there for me;
And from my smitten heart, with tears,
Two wonders I confess,—
The wonders of His glorious love,
And my own worthlessness.

5. I take, O Cross, Thy shadow,
For my abiding place;
I ask no other sunshine
Than the sunshine of His face:
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss,—
My sinful self, my only shame,
My glory all the Cross.

No. 109. We Shall Meet By and By.

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." —ISAIAH xxxv. 10.

1. We shall meet be - yond the ri - ver, By and by, by and by;
2. We shall strike the harps of glo - ry, By and by, by and by;
And the dark - ness shall be o - ver, By and by, by and by;
We shall sing redemption's sto - ry, By and by, by and by;
With the toil - some jour - ney done, And the glo - rious bat - tle won,
And the strains for e - ver - more Shall re - sound in sweet - ness o'er
We shall shine forth as the sun, By and by, . . . by and by.
Yon - der e - ver - last - ing shore, By and by, . . . by and by.

3. We shall see and be like Jesus,
By and by, by and by;
Who a crown of life will give us,
By and by, by and by;
And the angels who fulfil
All the mandates of His will
Shall attend, and love us still,
By and by, by and by.

4. There our tears shall all cease flowing,
By and by, by and by;
And with sweetest rapture knowing,
By and by, by and by;
All the blest ones, who have gone
To the land of life and song,
We with shoutings shall rejoice,
By and by, by and by.

No. 110.

Renounce the Cup.

"At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."—PROV. xxiii. 32.

RECITATIVE.

1. A drunkard reached his cheerless home, The storm without was dark and wild, He

forced his weeping wife to roam, A wand'rer friendless with her child; As thro' the falling

snow she pressed, The babe was sleeping on her breast, The babe was sleeping on her breast.

2. And colder still the winds did blow,
And darker hours of night came on,
And deeper grew the drifted snow,
Her limbs were chilled, her strength
was gone.
"O God!" she cried in accents wild,
"If I must perish, save my child;
If I must perish, save my child!"

3. She stripped the mantle from her breast,
And bared her bosom to the storm,
As round the child she wrapped the vest,
She smiled to think that it was warm.
With one cold kiss, a tear of grief,
The broken-hearted found relief,
The broken-hearted found relief.

4. At morn her cruel husband passed,
And saw her on her snowy bed,
Her tearful eyes were closed at last,
Her cheek was pale, her spirit fled;
He raised the mantle from the child,
The babe looked up, and sweetly
smiled, [smiled.
The babe looked up, and sweetly

5. Shall this sad warning plead in vain?
Poor thoughtless one, it speaks to you;
Now break the tempter's cruel chain,
No more your dreadful way pursue:
Renounce the cup, to Jesus fly—
Immortal soul, why will you die?
Immortal soul, why will you die?

No. 111. The Farewell Hymn.

Sung by Mr. SANKEY before leaving England.

1. Fare-well, faith-ful friends, we must now bid a-dieu To those joys and
2. Our la-bours are o-ver, and we must be gone, We leave you not

pleasures we've tast-ed with you; We've la-boured togeth-er, u-ni-ted in
friendless, to strug-gle a-lone; Be watch-ful and pray'rful, and Je-sus will

heart, But now . . . we must close, and . . . soon we must part.
stay; Cleave close . . . to your Sa-viour let Him lead the way.

pp CHORUS. After last verse only.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home! Prepare us, dear Saviour, for yon-der blest home.

3. You've help all-sufficient; on Jesus depend;
Let not this revival with this meeting end;
Let each ask the other, why should the work cease
Till all these poor sinners have yielded in peace?
4. Farewell, dear young converts, we leave you likewise,
And hope we shall meet you with Christ in the skies;
Oh, who will turn back, and his Saviour deny?—
Like Judas, the traitor, betray Him and die?
5. Farewell, trembling sinner, sad time now with you,
Our hearts sink within us to bid you adieu;
One step back or forward may settle your doom,
'Mid the glories of heaven, or eternity's gloom.
6. Farewell, every hearer: we now turn away,
No more shall we meet till the great judgment-day;
Though absent in body, we're with you in prayer,
And we'll meet you in heaven—there is no parting there.

No. 112. Where are the Nine?

READ LUKE xvii. 12-19.

Moderato.

1. Wand'ring a - far from the dwellings of men, Hear the sad cry of the
2. Loud - ly the stranger sang praise to the Lord, Know-ing the cure had been

lep - ers— the ten; "Je - sus, have mer - cy!" brings healing di - vine;
wrought by His word, Grate-ful - ly own-ing the Heal-er Di - vine;

CHORUS.

One came to wor-ship, but where are the nine? } Where are the nine?
Je - sus says ten - der - ly, "Where are the nine?" }

Where are the nine? Were there not ten cleansed? Where are the nine?

3. "Who is this Nazarene?" Pharisees say;
"Is He the Christ? tell us plainly, we pray."
Multitudes follow Him seeking a sign,
Show them His mighty works—where are the nine?
4. Jesus on trial to-day we can see,
Thousands deridingly ask, "Who is He?"
How they're rejecting Him, your Lord and mine!
Bring in the witnesses—where are the nine?

No. 113. We're Going Home.

"Willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord."—COR. v. 8.

1. We're go - ing home, No more to roam, No more to sin and sor - row;
2. For wea - ry feet A-waits a street Of wondrous pave and gol - den;

No more to wear The brow of care—We're go - ing home to-mor-row.
For hearts that ache The an - gels wake The Sto - ry sweet and old - en.

CHORUS.

We're go - - - ing home, we're go - ing home to-mor-row;
We're go - ing home, we're go - ing home, we're go - ing home to-mor-row;

We're go - - - ing home, we're go - ing home to-mor-row.
We're go - ing home, we're go - ing home, we're go - ing home to-mor-row.

3. For those who sleep,
And those who weep,
Above the portals narrow,
The mansions rise
Beyond the skies—
We're going home to-morrow.
4. Oh, joyful song!
Oh, ransomed throng!
Where sin no more shall sever;
Our King to see,
And oh, to be
With Him at home for ever!

No. 114.

Home of the Soul.

"Sing us one of the songs of Zion."—PSALM cxxxvii. 3.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land,

The far - a - way home of the soul, Where no storms e - ver

beat on the glit - ter - ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty

roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; Where no storms e - ver

beat on the glit - ter - ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.

Home of the Soul—continued.

2. Oh, that home of the soul! In my visions and dreams,
Its bright jasper walls I can see,
Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes
Between the fair city and me.
3. That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kingdoms for ever is He,
And He holdeth our crowns in His hand.
4. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain,
With songs on our lips, and with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again.

No. 115. Once I was Dead in Sin.

"You who were dead in trespasses and sins."—Eph. ii. 1.

Moderato.

1. Once I was dead in sin, . . . And hope with-in me died;

But now I'm dead to sin, . . . With Je - sus cru - ci - fied. . .

REFRAIN.

And can it be that "He loved me, And gave Him-self for me"?

2. O height I cannot reach!
O depth I cannot sound!
O love, O boundless love,
In my Redeemer found!
3. O cold, ungrateful heart,
That can from Jesus turn,

When living fires of love
Should on His altar burn.

4. I live—and yet, not I,
But Christ that lives in me;
Who from the law of sin
And death hath made me free.